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"I'M GOOD NOW."

AUBERT GALLION QUE
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STREET SCENES IN CHINA.

From a letter written by Miss Barnett, of Taiyuenfoo, we extract one or two vivid street photographs. The first illustrates the weakness of what is best in Chinese religion—the inability of the higher teaching of its sacred books to impress the popular mind:—"In an open space directly in front of one of the large temples stands a sage, dressed in long robes, reading aloud at the pitch of his voice. You hear the word, 'Reverence your parents,' 'Respect your elders,' 'Do not grumble,' &c., and you are reminded that this is the fifteenth of the Chinese month, the day on which they hold most of their heathen festivals. He is an, as is their wont on that day, to read the 'Sacred Edict' in front of the temple. It has little effect on the community at large. You see the bystanders pointing the finger of ridicule at him, and hear them say, 'What is the use of his coming out to exhort other people? He is the biggest gambler we know. He eats opium too; and, in fact, he can do everything but is bad.'"

Another of Miss Barnett's sketches shows a dark side of Chinese life:—"A little farther on is a young man laid out in the path to die. He is well dressed, and looks respectable enough. By his side is a basin of cold tea. You ask him all kinds of questions, but he is too far gone to raise his eyes, or take any notice; dying, and dying alone. A little girl comes along, and from her you learn that he is a stranger to the city, and had been staying in one of the inns close by. But when they saw that he was dying, they cast him out lest the evil spirits which are supposed to come at death might invade the place ever after."

Still another picture, with both light and shade in it:—"A little farther on you pass another sad sight. A poor, degraded, forlorn-looking wretch is lying by the roadside groaning. He can neither lift hand nor foot. An old woman is sitting by his side, nearly blind and almost devoid of clothing. She has taken off all the rags she could to cover the miserable creature on the ground, whom she calls her son. She tells a sad tale about him. He had been stealing, and was caught in the act. In such a case the people whose goods the thief is trying to steal inflict what punishment they please. They found this man with strong thongs to a tree, and left him there for a considerable time. As she told me this she lifted up the ragged garment to let me see the result. I started back shuddering. His face was a mere skeleton; blood was oozing through his teeth; his body was fearfully distorted and swollen. I suggested his being taken to our hospital. One of the bystanders said, "No medicine would relieve him just now." He was a fearful opium smoker, and the craving for opium was giving him far more pain than his bruises and wounds. I don't think he would be better until he got the opium. Opium is a terrible curse, ruining thousands both body and soul. They tell me ancestral worship is the greatest hinderance to the Gospel in China. I think opium is a much more formidable obstacle to our work."—*Presbyterian.*

THE STORY OF A HYMN.

At one of a most successful series of meetings held at Galashiels, Scotland, recently, Mr. Sankey sang with much effect the hymn, "Eternity," which is in his collection. The music of this hymn, which has a very interesting history, was composed by Mr. P. P. Bliss, whose name will always be remembered in connection with the well-known "Hold the Fort." Along with Major Whittle, who has of recent years been a most devoted worker among young men in this country, Mr. Bliss carried on most successful evangelistic meetings in America for a number of years. When Mr. Sankey was in Scotland in 1874 he heard a story at Dundee that intruded itself upon his mind, and for several years he could not get rid of the one word "Eternity." The story was to the effect that Robert Annan, of Dundee, was leaving his cottage one morning to go down to the sea, but, pausing at the threshold, he took a piece of chalk from his pocket and wrote on the pavement the word "eternity." He passed down the street, but half-way down he stopped again and wrote the same word. When he arrived by the shipping he saw a little child fall into the sea, and as there was a great current at that point the child was being carried away, when Robert Annan sprang into the water *and swam out to the little chap.* He had previously saved some eight or nine people, but this proved to be the last rescue which he effected. He got near the child and endeavored to swim back against the current. With his fast-failing strength he just managed to give the child a push which sent it on shore, where it was caught *hold of by a man with a boat-hook.* The current, however, sucked Robert Annan back, and swept him into the sea. His body was afterwards recovered, and was carried back to his home, on the threshhold of which he had that morning written the word "eternity." Mr. Sankey was so impressed by this story that he tried to get several of his friends in America to write a hymn on this subject. None of the hymns he received, however, were suitable, but at last a lady in the State of New Jersey sent to him unsolicited the one which was subsequently published. Mr. Sankey carried the hymn about with him for about three months, when one day in Chicago he handed it to his friend, Mr. Bliss, and asked him if he could set it to music. Mr. Bliss went away, and came back with the music to which it is now sung. After singing it himself a few times in Chicago, Mr. Bliss left to spend the Christmas season with his mother at Pennsylvania. Coming back, one of the great bridges on the route was blown down by a terrific storm of wind, hail, rain, and snow, and the train was wrecked. Mr. Bliss and his wife were sent into eternity, but left behind was this beautiful hymn, the first verse of which is—

O, the clanging bells of Time!
Night and day they never cease
We are wearied with their chime.
For they do not bring us peace:
And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see,
If thy shores are drawing near—
Eternity! Eternity!

—*Word and Work.*

ORDER IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

One of the first elements of a good superintendent is his power to maintain order. Order can be defined as the condition of a watch or clock where one wheel moves on another rightly; the superintendent is the regulator—the main-spring.

In a small manufacturing town in New Jersey, the Sabbath-school was in a state of great disorder. The clergyman was in despair. He finally found a young man—a teacher who took hold and in a few months it was a garden of peace. How did he do it? Not by blows or threats, but by solely operating on those minds, simply by the methods that human beings require. It is remarked that children love order, respecting those who maintain it. So that if we wish the co-work and good-will of the scholars this is necessary. Perhaps some are in doubt as to the means of eradicating this unnecessary confusion. The first point is punctuality of the scholars, saving the constant interruptions. Promptness of the superintendent. Washington said, "Punctuality is an angel virtue." This virtue should be possessed by the superintendent to the highest degree. Let us look at the school where this is not the case. School opens at 9.30. At that time the scholars are seated, the bell ceases, but no one is there to take the charge. A few moments afterwards, he rushes breathlessly in, hastens up the aisle, not in a spiritual condition for his work. He loses his self-control. Everything goes wrong. He realizes that the confusion is an outgrowth of his own tardiness.

The same disorder is experienced in a class whose teacher is absent or late. How do the pupils usually employ their time? Think for a moment. Looking idly around at the other classes, is it not? Discussing the fun of the past week or planning something new for the next; commenting on Clara's new dress or Mary's new bonnet.

They have done their part—prepared their lesson and are in their places at the proper time. Have they not a right to expect that the one who has pledged her best efforts, will be there to instruct them further in the great truths of the lesson? Is not that teacher responsible for the opportunity to mis-improve the time, which should have been free from worldly thoughts and have been to all a feast of good things?

What teacher has not been tried by the inattention of her pupils watching the entrance of two or more persons, talking loud enough to cause in itself no little disturbance. *Banish the cause.* Let those late comers remember that the school is still in session. That in those last few moments the teacher is using her utmost powers to press the sacred truths home to each heart—those, which, carried away, will enrich and enoble their after life. Stop and think what loss may be felt by these interruptions caused by thoughtlessness, and we know that the next time you will be more considerate and more quiet and thereby letting your actions in the house of God impress upon the scholar's mind, the idea of reverence in divine presence and respect for his sanctuary, that the church is the dwelling-place of our mighty Maker; and that within its walls should rest upon us a spirit of holiness and solemnity. For such respect in his house, God will be pleased.

If you wish your school to advance spiritually—work thus according to God's rules and "heaven's first law—order."—*Iowa S. S. Teacher.*

THE VALUE OF THE LIBRARY.

We do not sufficiently appreciate the influence of a well chosen Sabbath-school library. It is an educator for good at the most moldable period in life. The power of good books is incalculable. In many cases they are the turning-points in life. They lead to the Saviour and into the Church, and sometimes into the gospel ministry. They pass from house to house, and are read by young and old. They make abiding impressions, "give true ideals of life," move the feelings, form the judgments, arouse noble ambitions, and stir and quicken the best that is in the *nature. They work silently, though radically* and permanently. We cannot have too many of the right kind of books, nor have them read too often.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book).

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 6, 1892.

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

Acts 12:1-17.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34:7.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 12:1-17.—Peter Delivered from Prison.
T. Mark 10:32-45.—The Baptism of James.
W. Gen. 19:12-26.—Lot and the Angels.
Th. 2 Kings 6:5-17.—Elisha and the Angel Guard.
F. Acts 12:19-24.—Herod and the Angel.
S. Luke 11:1-13.—Prayer Enjoined.
S. James 5:13-20.—Effectual, Fervent Prayer.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Imprisoned by Herod. vs. 1-5.
II. Delivered by an Angel. vs. 6-11.
III. Received by Friends. vs. 12-17.

TIME.—A.D. 44, spring; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Herod Agrippa I, king of all Palestine.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

The disciples were driven from Jerusalem after the death of Stephen, but in more quiet days *they returned to the city.* The city was still the abode of the apostles. Herod Agrippa, now king of all Palestine, was ready to win Jewish favor by persecuting the hated Christians. Thus new troubles arose to try the faith of the disciples.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *About that time*—that Saul and Barnabas were sent from Antioch. 2. *James*—the son of Zebedee. 3. *Days of unleavened bread*—the *seven days of the Passover festival, during* which only unleavened bread was eaten. Deut. 16:1-4. 4. *Quaternions*—four squads of four soldiers each, sixteen in all. One company guarded him three hours, and was then relieved by another. *After Easter*—Revised Version, "after the Passover." *Bring him forth*—put him to death. 6. *Between two soldiers*—each wrist chained to the wrist of a soldier. 7. *The angel*—this must have occurred between three and six o'clock in the morning (see v. 18), the hours of changing the guard. 10. *First and second ward*—that is the guards who were sleeping with him and the outer guards. 12. *John whose surname was Mark*—the author of the second gospel and the near relative of Barnabas. 15. *Mad*—out of her senses. *His angel*—the Jews believed that every one had an angel appointed to guard him. 17. *Unto James*—probably James the Less.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. IMPRISONED BY HEROD. vs. 1-5.—Who now persecuted the church? When did he kill? What did he do with Peter? When did he intend to execute him? How was he guarded meanwhile? What did the church do for him? What is prayer?

II. DELIVERED BY AN ANGEL. vs. 6-11.—By whom was Peter delivered? What did the angel say to him? What became of his chains? What further command did the angel give him? How was the iron gate opened? Where did the angel leave Peter? What did Peter say when he came to himself?

III. RECEIVED BY FRIENDS. vs. 12-17.—Where did Peter go? Who were gathered there? What were they doing? Who came to the door? What did the disciples do? Why were they astonished? What did Peter then declare to them? What directions did he give them? Who was this James? What did Peter then do?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

Bad men care more to please men than to please God.

The Lord sends his angels to deliver and care for his people.

3. Earnest prayer has real power with God.

4. God sometimes exceeds our faith in his answers to our prayers.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What new trouble now came upon the church? Ans. Herod killed James the brother of John, and put Peter in prison.

2. What did Herod intend to do with Peter Ans. To put him to death after the Passover.

3. What was done to prevent his escape? Ans. He was locked in prison, bound in chains, and guarded by soldiers.

4. What did the church do? Ans. They prayed without ceasing for him.

5. How were their prayers answered? Ans. God sent his angel, who led him out of the prison.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 13, 1892.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

Acts 13:1-13.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations."—Luke 24:47.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 13:1-13.—The First Christian Missionaries.
T. Matt. 10:1-22.—The Apostles Commissioned.
W. Luke 10:1-20.—The Seventy Sent Forth.
Th. Isaiah 42:1-7.—The Light of the Gentiles.
F. Isaiah 60:1-14.—The Conversion of the Gentiles.
S. Isaiah 61:1-11.—Known Among the Gentiles.
S. Psalm 72:1-20.—"Unto the Ends of the Earth."

LESSON PLAN.

I. Set Apart by the Spirit. vs. 1-3.
II. Sent Forth by the Spirit. vs. 4-8.
III. Filled With the Spirit. vs. 9-12.

TIME.—Between A.D. 45-48; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Cornelius governor of Judea.

PLACES.—Antioch, the capital of Syria, three hundred miles north of Jerusalem; the island of Cyprus.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Prophets*—those especially inspired by the Holy Ghost. *Teachers*—pastors, doing the regular work of training and instructing the converts. *Cyrene*—on the northern coast of Africa, west of Egypt. *Which had been brought up with*—Revised Version, "foster brother." *Herod the tetrarch*—Herod Antipas, who beheaded John the Baptist. 2. *As they ministered*—in public worship, probably in reference to further missionary work. *The Holy Ghost said*—perhaps by one of the prophets. 3. *Laid their hands on them*—as a sign of their consecration to this special work. 4. *Seleucia*—the seaport of Antioch, near the mouth of the Orontes. *Cyprus*—an island of the Mediterranean. 5. *Salamis*—a seaport on the eastern extremity of the island. *John*—John Mark, a near relation of Barnabas (Col. 4:10), and the author of the second gospel. 6. *Paphos*—a city on the western end of the island, the residence of the Roman proconsul. *Sorcerer*—magician. 7. *Deputy*—Roman governor, proconsul. 8. *Who is also called Elymas*—Saul was his Jewish and Paul his Roman name. 11. *Mist....darkness*—first partial, then perfect blindness.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. SET APART BY THE SPIRIT. vs. 1-3.—Who were in the church at Antioch? What were they doing? What did the Holy Ghost say to the church? What was the work to which Barnabas and Saul were called? How were they set apart for this work?

II. SENT FORTH BY THE SPIRIT. vs. 4-8.—By whom were they sent forth? Where did they go? What did they do at Salamis? Who was their attendant? Where did they go from Salamis? Whom did they find there? With whom was the sorcerer? What did the deputy do? Why did the sorcerer oppose them?

III. FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT. vs. 9-12.—By what name is Saul henceforth known? How did *Paul address the sorcerer?* Under whose influence did he thus address him? What sentence did he pronounce upon him? How was this sentence executed? How did this affect the deputy? What is faith in Jesus Christ?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God has laid upon us the work of sending the gospel to the heathen.

2. Men of the choicest gifts and graces should be chosen for this work.

3. We should give it our sympathy, our prayers and our money.

4. Mission-work may meet with opposition, but the gospel will finally triumph over all.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did the Holy Ghost command the prophets and teachers at Antioch to do? Ans. Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work wherunto I have called them.

2. Where did Barnabas and Saul go? Ans. They went to Seleucia, and sailed thence to Cyprus.

3. Who sent for them at Paphos? Ans. The deputy of the country, who desired to hear the word of God.

4. Who opposed them? Ans. Elymas the sorcerer, seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith.

5. How was the sorcerer punished? Ans. He was first rebuked by Paul, and then struck with blindness.

6. What was the effect? Ans. The deputy, when he saw what was done, believed.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A KITCHEN CABINET.

When Sarah and Ned Clarkson bought the old Brooks' farm and moved to it, they found the sink and flue for the cook-stove at one end of a large kitchen; while the pantry, or store room, china closet and cellar way were at the opposite end of the long dining-room.

When Sarah looked about her, and thought of the many weary steps to be taken daily, between stove, and pantry or cellar, she did not wonder that Mrs. Brooks had been an invalid for years before she died. If the thought came to her that she would probably share a like fate, who can wonder? She knew they could not afford to alter the house for some time to come, and in the meantime, she, too, might become an invalid; or she might have to leave Ned—and they were so happy together. All day long the horrible thought haunted her, and at night she dreamed about it.

In the morning on going to the attic, she discovered, pushed back in a corner and half-concealed by rubbish, an old-fashioned, high chest of drawers, an ancient belonging of some dead and gone Brooks. In a flash, she beheld its possibilities as a saver of steps; and calling to Ned, together they managed to get it down, and out into the woodshed, where it received a thorough cleaning, and a fresh coat of varnish. The three upper drawers were then taken out, and shelves put in their stead. The lower one of the two drawers left had the sides and back planed down, so as to allow a thin cover to be put on and not interfere with its opening or closing. Into this was emptied a sack of flour. The other drawer was divided by thin partitions into three compartments, one of which held corn-meal, another graham flour, while the smallest one held boxes of rolled oats, cracked wheat, rice, hominy, etc. Cooking utensils, and all other necessary things were arranged on the shelves; a bright curtain suspended on a wire in front, and here was a portable pantry that would save many miles of walking during the week. As there seemed to be no suitable place for rolling-pin or moulding board, cases the right size were made of heavy cotton; the one for rolling-pin closing with a drawstring at the top, the other having a flap to come over like an envelope, and hung on the wall near.

Sarah was no more haunted by the fear of invalidism, but a feeling of pity for Mrs. Brooks, that she had not had forethought enough to utilize the chest of drawers as she was doing often crept into her heart. —*Clara S. Everts, in Farm and Fireside.*

HINTS FOR MENDERS.

The dresses of adults, as well as of children, first need mending on the sleeves, and the right sleeve is usually the one that leads the procession. With the every-day dresses of girls the need for new sleeves is frequent, a dress sometimes wearing out four pairs of sleeves. It is wise to prepare two pair of sleeves when such a dress is newly making, and then to sew the first pair in by hand, so that they can be easily removed for their successors when the former are worn out. Making two pair of sleeves adds quite a little to the task of dress-making, but it is often time and vexation saved in the end. At all events, sufficient cloth should always be bought to allow for ample repairs in this respect.

The disappearance of buttons is an ever-recurring trial to the housewife, which can only be partly lessened. Buttons should always be sewed on loosely, and the knot of the doubled thread be on the right side of the garment and under the button. A pin with a small button, and a darning-needle with a large button, should be inserted between the cloth and the button when sewing to make the stitches loose, and then, when withdrawn, the thread should be wound around the stitches, thus making a shank for the play of the button-hole. Buttons on under-waists which support the clothing of children should be specially strong. A small piece of cloth folded double or four times, and placed where the button is to be sewed, will be a little difficult to sew through, but will prevent the tearing out of the cloth of the waist itself. Such waists should never be passed through the wringer when washed, but should always be wrung by hand. A wringer will break the buttons faster than any amount of rough play.

Flat bone buttons are strong for children's clothing, but better than these are thick pearl or bone buttons with two large holes in them. These buttons are to be threaded on the narrow Scotch tape. The tape is to be left about half an inch long, and then basted in place. The tapes of the buttons are then fastened to the waist by a horizontal row of the same tape, stitched on by a machine. These buttons hang loosely, but they never wear out, or pull out the cloth, and are a "nonesuch" in the button kingdom.

In mending flannel under-garments there should be as little seam as possible, and for that reason the "catch" stitch is the best for the sewing. A patch should be placed underneath the hole and basted in place. The worn out spot should be closed as nearly as possible, trimmed off neatly, and catch-stitched to the patch on the right side, while the patch itself is sewed on the wrong side in the same way. The necks of the woven under-shirts should be kept well bound, as they will tear and stretch badly when the frail binding with which the manufacturers finish them gives way.—*Harper's Bazar.*

WOMAN'S WORK.

The work of a well-ordered day should begin the night beforehand. It should begin with forethought that takes care that kitchen and dining-room are left in perfect order, and that every possible preparation is made for the morning meal. This means much more than is usually attempted—not simply wood and kindling made ready, and table set, but fruit and butter prepared and set upon ice, potatoes sliced, meat trimmed or minced, coffee ground, mixed with egg and closely covered, eggs brought to the kitchen table, breadboard, knife and plate set out, water and cream pitchers ready for filling, and a multitude of little things easily accomplished at night, by the help of which the morning meal may be quickly and easily prepared without the hurry that spoils the food, and the confusion that is equally disastrous to the temper. The same forethought and system applied to clearing the table and washing the dishes would accomplish the work in half the time usually spent upon it, where cups and plates, knives and spoons, pitchers and platters, remnants of food and the general debris of the meal are piled indiscriminately upon the kitchen table, already strewn with pans, basins and cooking utensils. There is no reason why dish-washing should be a tedious and disagreeable operation, with abundance of hot water, borax, clean, soft towels, and proper pans for rinsing and draining. One great trouble in our kitchens and our households generally is that we do not half supply them with utensils for doing work easily and thoroughly, or we put them into the hands of ignorant and prejudiced servants without showing them how they may be really helped by their use.

In too many families a frail, little woman makes a martyr of herself in her devotion to her boys and girls, who all adore her, but never stop to ask whether they could not lighten her burdens, because the mother herself does not ask it. She loves to see her children happy and unburdened; she thinks she has no time to teach them to be of much help to her, and so they go on thoughtlessly making work and adding to the cares they ought to lighten. Tooth picks and burned matches are thrown upon the floor, pencils sharpened on the table-cover, papers snipped over the carpet, wraps dropped upon sofas, books deposited on chairs, and the mother goes about brushing and picking up, hanging up garments, hunting up mislaid articles, doing scores of unnecessary things, and waiting on the children that should wait upon themselves and her.

Another great help in most households would be purchasing supplies in quantity, instead of by the unsatisfactory hand to mouth method. This is to be urged not on the ground of the saving to income, but of the saving of time and perplexity, and avoiding of the perplexities and annoyances to which the housewife is otherwise subjected. With a well-stocked larder, it is possible to plan the meals for the family a week in advance, securing variety without additional trouble, and this suggests a further relief in the matter of bills of fare. Not a cast-iron system which some one else has prepared for you, though you may get valuable aid from these, but one that your experience and resources will be equal to. Plan your dinners first, and your other meals in reference to these. Make a list of breakfast dishes and hang it up in your kitchen; prepare for your week of company by writing out just what you mean to serve at each meal, and you will be able to give your undivided thoughts to your friends in the evening instead of absently listening to conversation and planning the next day's dessert.—*Emily Huntington Miller in the Home Journal.*

CARE OF TABLE LINEN.

In buying tablecloths and napkins it is always best to get good quality. Not only will it wear much longer, but it gives the table a richer appearance than an inferior quality of linen. Have plenty of changes and never use a tablecloth or napkin until badly soiled, thereby necessitating more rubbing to get it clean and consequently more wear on the material.

Never put table linen into soap suds until it has all stains removed by pouring boiling water through them. This will remove all stains but iron rust; for that sprinkle on oxalic acid, wetting the spot with hot water. Rub gently between the hands, and it will gradually disappear. If obstinate, repeat the process. A stain is very unsightly, and upon an otherwise nice cloth detracts greatly from its appearance. The scalding should not be neglected if a spotless expanse of white is desired.

Table linen should be rubbed lightly and always wrung by hand; a wringer makes the creases which are hard to iron out. Blue lightly but do not starch. Stiffened linen is an abomination.

Never allow tablecloths to hang on the line in a strong wind. The hems will become frayed at the corners, and a general limpness be the result. Nothing is so wearing to all linen and cotton cloth as "switching" in the wind from a clothes-line.

When signs of wear appears, it is much better to darn back and forth with threads of the linen from the trimmings, which should have been saved when the cloth was made up, than to put on a patch. A darn can be so skilfully managed that scarcely a trace of its presence can be detected, at the same time strengthening the worn places until it is as strong as the rest; while a patch, be it ever so skilfully applied, is a patch still, and easily detected.

Carving and tea cloths save much of the wear at the edges of the table, and where there are small children cloths are made of butcher's linen, stamped and etched with floss, either white or colored, as one may fancy, to be placed under the plate as a protection to the tablecloth.—*Household.*

TRAIN THE BOYS.

Teach the embryo men the useful accomplishments of sewing on buttons, mending rips and darning stockings. The knowledge will stand them in good stead in later years, when they are away from home, at college or in business.

Teach your boy early that there should be a place for everything and that everything should be in its place. Give him a cupboard or a closet or a big drawer of his own where he can keep his toys. Have nails in the closet low enough for him to hang his clothes on, and oblige him to put away his wrappings when he comes in from his walk or play. When he undresses at night, let him shake out each garment as he removes it, and hang it on his own little chair, ready to put on in the morning. As he grows older, let him, as far as possible, replace the buttons on his own clothes and shoes, and even darn his hose and repair his clothing, under your personal supervision. It will make him more careful, and he will receive no harm from having a share in the training which the daughters of the house take as a matter of course. He may thank you some day if you initiate him into the mysteries of bread-making and the cooking of meats, the mixing of salads, etc., and familiarize him with bed-making and dish-washing. Such homely knowledge has more than once helped a man when more ornamental accomplishments failed to do him service.—*Babyhood.*

THE PLAN OF ONE HOUSEKEEPER

"Whatever lessens the burden of domestic labor," says an experienced housekeeper, "I consider a good investment. I live in an old-fashioned house with the wood floors that are going now from even the simplest houses built, but it is covered entirely with oilcloth that is readily and easily cleansed. It makes me ashamed of my sex when I think of the former notion among housekeepers that eternal scrubbing of the kitchen floors was the *sine qua non* of a tidy maid. And I, like others, have often asked a woman at the end of a day's washing to scrub a floor before she left. It seems monstrous when I think of it. If a floor is painted, five coats, the last a glazed one, are needed on the soft wood usually put in a kitchen. My tables are covered with tin, and if one can't afford that expense, which is not great at all, at least use enamel cloth. The kitchen of the future, as it is of the present in many expensive homes, is going to have tiled walls and floors, soap-stone tubs and sinks, the entire apartment water-proof and roach-proof, and kept sweet and shining at a minimum of time and strength."

SELECTED RECIPES.

LEMON SNAPS.—One cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls hot water, half a teaspoonful soda, four cupfuls flour, and flavor with two teaspoonfuls lemon. Roll very thin; bake in a slow oven.

TOMATO SOUP.—Take one cup stewed tomatoes, either fresh or canned; add two cups hot water and let it boil. Season with salt, pepper and butter, next add two cups sweet milk and just let it come to a boil again, and serve hot with crackers. This might properly be called "Mock Oyster Soup."

RICE AND CHEESE.—Boil half a pint of rice; drain and shake dry, put in a baking pan in alternate layers of rice, grated cheese, and bits of butter; add salt and pepper to taste. Have the last layer of rice. Mix a beaten egg with a teacup of milk, and pour over the whole, sprinkle with crumbs, dot with butter, and brown in the oven.

BATTER CAKES.—Scald two slices of toasted bread, and when it is soft reduce it with a spoon to a pulp. Add a coffee-cup of milk, a little salt, two well-beaten whites and yolks of eggs, half a cup of corn-meal. Fry on a hot griddle. The cakes will be raised by the eggs and need no baking powder.

CAKE FILLING.—Cut half a pound of figs in halves; steam a cup of raisins half an hour and chop them; mix with these the white of an egg well beaten, a small cup of granulated sugar; and a tea-spoonful of vanilla. Spead between the layers of cake after the manner of jelly.

POPOVERS.—Beat two eggs with egg beater and to them add half a pint of sweet milk, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, then stir in slowly half a pint of sifted flour; do not get it too thick; stir until very smooth, then strain through a gravy strainer, grease your gem irons and heat as you do for gems, then dip each one half-full, bake in a quick oven about thirty minutes.

HOW TO WARM CANNED SALMON.—If you wish to use canned salmon and want it to be warm, put the can in a kettle of boiling water for *fifteen* minutes; cut the can open, pour the fish out on a platter, pick out any pieces of skin, and pour over it Hollandaise sauce. Serve for lunch with fried potatoes. Hollandaise Sauce.—Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and nearly two of flour. When smooth pour over it a pint of boiling water very slowly, cook over the fire until smooth, stirring constantly, and as thick as cream, then remove from the stove and stir in the yolks of two eggs well beaten, a tablespoonful of parsley, the juice of half a lemon, and a little salt and pepper.

HASH.—Put one and a half teacups of boiling water into a saucepan, and make a thin paste with a teaspoon of flour and a table-spoon of water. Stir and boil it for three minutes. Add half a teaspoon of black pepper, rather more of salt, and one tablespoon of butter. Chop cold beef into fine hash, removing all tough, gristly pieces; put the meat into a tin pan; pour over it the gravy above mentioned, and let it heat ten minutes or so, but not cook. If preferred, add equal quantity of chopped boiled potatoes, and if you have the gravy of yesterday's dinner, you may use it instead of the made gravy, and you will need less pepper and salt and butter.

PUZZLES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 20.

DIAMOND.—

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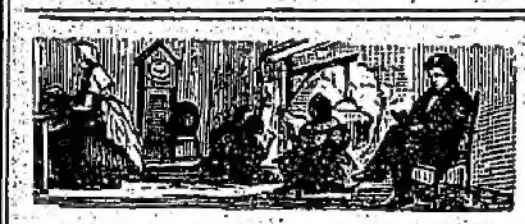
WHAT I FOUND.—Garret; rut, grate, greater, rag, garter.

BEHEADINGS.—1. Bland—land—and. 2. Hedge—edge. 3. Scape—cape—ape. 4. Scant—cant—ant. 5. Danger—anger. 6. Shear—hear—ear.

HIDDEN CITIES.—1. Perth. 2. Dover. 3. Athens. 4. Lansing. 5. Denver. 6. Salem. 7. Bangor.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"All that glitters is not gold."

BEHEADINGS.—Skill, kill, ill. Strain, train, rain.



The Family Circle.

THE FIRST TANGLE.

Once in an Eastern palace wide
A little girl sat weaving:
So patiently her task she plied
The men and women at her side
Flocked round her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,
"You always work so cheerily?
You never seem to break your thread
Or snarl or tangle it, instead
Of working smooth and clearly.

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken,
For all we've fretted, wept and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled
Before the King has spoken."

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own, as sometimes flies
The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the King,"
She said, abashed and meekly,
"You know he said in everything"—
"Why, so do we!" they cried, "we bring
Him all our troubles weekly?"

She turned her little head aside;
A moment let them wrangle;
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!"

O little children—weavers all!
Our broidery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall,
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle.

—*Congregationalist.*

THE HOME GIRL.

JULIA S. LAWRENCE.

"Nellie! Nellie!" called Mr. Benson from his carriage.

Nellie Austin, walking up street with her friend, Mrs. Monroe, was too much interested in what that lady was saying to notice passers-by, and turned in surprise at hearing her own name spoken.

"Oh, is it really you, Uncle Fred?" she asked, going to the side of the carriage.

"It certainly is. I am ordered out for a drive this morning, and told your mother I'd pick you up on the way; so jump in, please, and accept my crutch as an apology for my lack of gallantry in not assisting you."

Nellie obeyed with alacrity, delighted, as all girls are, at the prospect of a ride.

"Where are you going?" she asked, as he tucked the afghan about her.

"Round by the Dells, unless you prefer some other route."

"No, that is just lovely. But would you mind driving home first? It won't take but a minute. Mother sent me on some errands this morning, and she may want these articles before we get back."

Without a word Mr. Benson turned his horse about. Had he spoken his thoughts, they would have been something like this: "That's just like her, thoughtful girl that she is."

Once again on the street, he gave his pony the reins and they sped rapidly along, soon leaving the noisy little manufacturing town far in the rear. Then he drove more leisurely, pausing often in some spot where Nature seemed more lavish of her beauties, or where a fine view of the distant mountains was obtainable.

It was a beautiful morning in May. The air was pure and exhilarating, the birds sang bewitchingly, and yet, in spite of Nellie's bravest efforts to the contrary, the cloud her uncle had noticed when he called her from the street, did not leave her face. He hoped she would give him her confidence in time, and waited. He had grown very fond of this fair young niece in the few weeks he had been an inmate of his sister's home, kept there by injuries received in a railway accident; while she, on her part, had found in him a sympathizing friend and counsellor.

They were rapidly nearing home, though, before she spoke.

"Uncle Fred," she said at length, with a scarcely perceptible sigh, "I am not envious one bit, but it must be nice to be able to do things—and—to do them."

"It certainly is. I am very glad to be able to ride out this fine morning, for instance."

"I don't mean those things. I mean—well—Mrs. Monroe told me this morning that Esther Milburn goes down and plays the organ for the Reform Club meetings every Sunday afternoon."

"That is nice; but is it more than her duty? Miss Milburn is a fine musician, I believe."

"Oh! you don't know what it means for her to do that," said Nellie warmly. "Before she was converted she wouldn't play for any but her most intimate friends; she used to say she was not a man with a hand-organ to play for every one who asked or who tossed her a penny. But since she was converted she has played several times in prayer-meeting when the organist was not there. She was obliged to offer her services the first time, though, as no one dared ask her. Besides, she always sings now, and that is such a help."

"And you wish you could sing and play too—or, rather, as well as Miss Milburn?"

"No, not exactly that, but I wish there was something I could do. Jennie Hall has taken a class in Sabbath-school—the worst class there is, one that no one ever wanted. I suppose"—this time the sigh was audible in spite of herself—"I suppose the Lord knows I've no talents, so he does not give me anything to do."

They had reached home by this time, and before Uncle Fred could answer, Nellie had sprung from the carriage and was assisting him with her strong young arms; and, handing him his crutch, she playfully ordered him to his room for a nap before dinner. "Talents!" thought Mr. Benson, as he settled himself for the needed rest. "There is a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit; and who shall dare rank one above another?"

The Austin family was a busy one; the father and mother were diligent people, and the children were early taught habits of industry and to have a care for each other. Nellie was the eldest of six children, and upon her shoulders there naturally fell more care than girls of her age are expected to carry; but she had such a bright, happy way of putting herself in the background where others' comfort or pleasure was concerned, that parents and children alike often demanded more of her than was really necessary.

The night after her ride with her uncle, Nellie had helped her mother with the usual evening cares, and had seated herself with a new book for an hour's pleasure, when a curious sound, something between a sigh and groan, came to her ears. Glancing across the table, she saw Howard scowling over book and slate.

"What is it?" she asked, going around to look over his shoulder.

"It's this horrid discount," giving his book a savage punch. "Professor doesn't want we should have any assistance outside the class, but how he expects a fellow to do all those examples when he doesn't understand them, is more than I know. I can't see why, if a note is worth a hundred dollars at one time, it isn't worth a hundred six months from that time, excepting the interest of course."

"That's it, exactly," said Nellie; and taking her father and a well-known business man by way of illustration, she drew an imaginary case of discount.

"Oh, I see! I see!" cried Howard. "Why couldn't Professor have explained it like that? I believe, I do believe, I can do all those fellows now. You are a brick, Nellie!" And he fell to work with a will.

Fully satisfied with this for thanks, she was returning to her easy-chair and book when her father called her from the opposite side of the room.

"Nellie, come here a minute, please! Won't you just look over these accounts for me? There is a mistake somewhere, and my head aches so I can't find it. Wells is sick again this week, you see, and I'm trying to do his work and my own too."

Nellie pulled the book toward her, and her father leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes with a sigh of relief. He was fond of boasting of Nellie's quickness at figures, and felt perfectly confident that all would be made right now.

Ten, twenty and thirty minutes passed, and Uncle Fred from his sofa watched alternately the clock and the bright head bent over the long accounts.

"Here it is!" she said at length, "in almost the last entry. I'll correct it here, and that will make a difference in this column, and that will bring it all right. Now, Popsey, dear, let me put these troublesome books away for to-night, and you go over and visit with Uncle Fred; he is waiting patiently for some company."

Once more Nellie was free to read, but this time she found her mother established in her place with the mending-basket by her side. Nellie paused irresolutely, and gazed earnestly down into the very depths of the basket. She intensely disliked darning, yet she well knew her mother would sit up till all was done. But there was the book she wanted to read! "Love seeketh not its own." That had been her verse for the day, and it came back to her now like the echo of a song. It gave the needed impulse, and in less time than it takes to tell all this, she had procured needle, thimble and scissors, and had drawn a low chair to her mother's side.

"Oh, you needn't do this, Nellie!" remonstrated her mother. "I'll get through with it some time."

"Two can do it in less than some time, then," chirped Nellie, seizing the first article she could reach. "Dear! dear! how Chubby does wear out his stockings!" she continued, as her fingers protruded through a hole in the heel. "Look at that. It is more than a gap, it is a chasm."

"Bridge it," interposed Howard laconically. He had finished his examples, and, feeling very happy over it, was anxious to make himself as agreeable as possible.

"So I will," returned Nellie. "It will need to be a rope-bridge, though."

"Or a draw-bridge," suggested Howard.

"It better be an iron one to wear any time," said their mother.

And so they chatted gayly till both father and uncle were drawn into the circle, and in an incredibly short time the basket was emptied.

It was too late to read now, and Nellie put away her book; not, however, without a little sigh of regret.

"Come in here a minute," called Uncle Fred, as, a little later, she passed his room on her way to her own.

Nellie pushed open the door that had purposely been left ajar. Uncle Fred sat by the window in the full moonlight. He held out his hand to her, and she nestled by his side.

"I mustn't keep you long, or you will lose your 'beauty sleep;' but how is it about the talents? Do you still mourn because you cannot play and sing, teach a Sabbath-school class, or do some wonderful thing?"

"I don't know," said Nellie slowly. "I wish there was something that I could do. I'd like to do some work for the Master."

"Is it nothing to help the tired father and mother, and to be teacher and very best friend to the little ones?"

"Oh! I love them so, I want to do that! Besides, that is so little."

"But does the Master ever reject the little services? Small sacrifices and small efforts in his name, are as acceptable as great ones, and often require more grace and courage. Still, I consider it no small thing to make sunshine in the home and to set an example of love and patience before the younger brothers and sisters. Blessings on those dear girls whom the Lord calls to active service in the public part of his vineyard; but no less, I say, blessings on the dear home girl who keeps the hearthstone bright!"

And so say we all.—*Zion's Herald.*

DR. ALFRED CARPENTER'S REASONS.

In answer to Dr. Mortimer Granville's letter in the London *Times*, Dr. Alfred Carpenter wrote to that journal giving the following six reasons for total abstinence:

"Without attempting to answer *seriatim* the extraordinary statements—arguments they are not—of Dr. Mortimer Granville, I wish to state the foundations on which my principles rest. It is said that a man is either a fool or a physician at forty, and I discovered before I reached that age that my own constitution was far better without alcohol than with it. I then followed the line of abstinence in my advice to those whose constitutions resembled my own—namely, those with a strong gouty tendency. The results of such treatment could not be mistaken. The patients were restored to health, and in many cases to the happiness which accompanies it.

"Further inquiry into the treatment of all diseases among all classes of the community has satisfied me that those who wish to enjoy perfect health had better avoid the daily use of alcohol, and that there are very few forms of disease in which its use is really beneficial. Now and then, no doubt, it is a powerful medicine, but its very power makes it a fearfully dangerous weapon in the hands of people generally. It has a property which belongs only to itself and others of its class. No indication is afforded of the time when the individual taking it has had enough. It is a virulent poison, and as such should be placed in the list with arsenic, mercury, and other dangerous drugs.

"Secondly, it has been my privilege to be one of the Surrey County magistrates for more than twenty years, and for the first half of that time to act with my colleague, Sir Thomas Edridge, in doing most of the police work of this populous district. The awful scenes described in that court day after day in which life has been sacrificed, homes destroyed, and the peace of thousands of families completely wrecked by the use of liquor, impressed me with the feeling that it was my duty to cease to prescribe it under almost any circumstances whatever. The frequent story in the police court was that the doctor had ordered it.

"Thirdly, as a magistrate, I was *ex-officio* a member of the Board of Guardians, and I saw sufficient there to tell me that nine-tenths of the pauperism of the country was due directly or indirectly to drink.

"Fourthly, I visited some of the prisons and convict establishments in the country, and I found that nine-tenths of those who were sent to these places declared that they were there in consequence of having been addicted to drink. Moreover, I was assured by the medical officers of the prisons that in no instance had enforced abstinence produced injury to the health of any of those under their charge.

"Fifthly, I have been one of the committee of management of a large lunatic asylum, containing 1,200 patients, and one of the most distressing wards to visit is that in which scores of men are seen in whom brain disease has undoubtedly been produced by drinking habits.

"Dr. Mortimer Granville may shut his eyes to these facts, but he may be assured that there is a responsibility resting upon him and upon all those physicians who accustom themselves to recommend so dangerous a thing as a necessary article of food. They may refuse to recognize that they are in any way their brother's keeper, but there is nothing more distressing to a thoughtful medical man than to be accused on good grounds of having sent a patient on the road to destruction. It may indicate a certain kind of ability in a man to be able to drive a carriage close to the edge of a precipice, but the wise counsellor will advise him to keep away from it.

"Sixthly, I have made inquiries regarding the health of total abstainers as compared with that of moderate drinkers. If the physicians who have been recently advising the public to use alcohol as a daily beverage had studied the records published by our benefit societies, they would have found a result which entirely negatives the views they take. The statistics of these societies show conclusively that members in temperance organizations have less than half the illness of non-abstainers and scarcely half the number of deaths. I could multiply evidence of this kind almost *ad infinitum*, but I fear to intrude too much on your space. Surely I have said enough to justify my position as a total abstaining physician, though I do find that many of those who like a glass of wine are of opinion that I do not understand their case. Many prefer the indulgence of their appetites to that return to perfect health which would spare them the necessity of visiting the physician's consulting room at all."

THE DEVIL will not be afraid of your Bible if there is dust on it.

THE LATE MR. J. MACGREGOR, M.A.

"ROB "ROY :" THE RAGGED SCHOOL AND OPEN-AIR PIONEER.

As in the North men mark with deepening interest the calling home one by one of the few remaining "pre-Disruption worthies," so in recent years have we in the South sorrowfully noted how the pioneers of home missions, the noble spirits who rallied round the great Earl of Shaftesbury in his labors on behalf of the poor and perishing, the survivors of the memorable Revivals of 1859-60, are one after another passing to rest in the presence of the King. To this goodly company this distinguished traveller, author, and Christian worker belonged.

John MacGregor, whose family came of a famous Scottish clan, was born at Gravesend, on January 24th, 1825. His father, General Sir Duncan MacGregor, was at that time Major in the 31st Regiment, and was then under orders for India. Within a few weeks of his birth his parents, taking the infant with them, embarked in the "Kent" for the East. How that ship caught fire in the Bay of Biscay, and how 577 were saved out of the 642 persons on board, has often been told. Before the "Cambria," the rescuing vessel, hove in sight, the following last message had been written by the father and placed in a bottle, ready to drift ashore :

The ship the "Kent" Indiaman, is on fire. Elizabeth, Joanna, and myself commit our spirits into the hands of our blessed Redeemer. His grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering eternity.

Instead of being thrown into the sea the bottle in which the paper was placed was left in the cabin, and more than a year and a half later it was picked up off the Barbados, between three and four thousand miles away. The infant John MacGregor was the first to be taken on board the "Cambria," which, as a little craft of 200 tons, had some difficulty in finding room for an accession to its company of 577 terrified people. One by one, as the fire reached them, the loaded guns went off, and soon after the captain, the last man to quit the deck of the "Kent," had left, the powder magazine blew up with a deafening report.

Within two months of this escape the baby boy came under the notice of the venerable Hannah More, who presented a pair of shoes of her own knitting, with the verse :

Sweet babe! twice rescued from the yawning grave,
The flames tremendous and the furious wave;
May a third life thy spirit meet,
Even life eternal at thy Saviour's feet.

The bottle with the paper, the shawl in which his mother wrapped him on that eventful day, and the pair of shoes knitted for him by Hannah More, were among the collection of relics treasured to the last by Mr. MacGregor.

In the following year, in command or the 93rd Highlanders, Colonel MacGregor was stationed in Nova Scotia ; and the influence which the Christian soldier was able to exercise over his men was as gratifying as it was striking. All attended divine worship, each possessed a Bible and a copy of the Scotch version of the Psalms ; and as many as 700 of the company might have been seen at one time partaking of the Lord's Supper. In the year 1838, the Colonel became Inspector-General of the Irish Constabulary, and his son, who had been at school at Canterbury, spent some time at Trinity College, Dublin, whence he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. At the English University he won two first classes and was a wrangler. He took his degree of M.A. and became a member of the Inner Temple, being called to the Bar in 1851. Even while at Cambridge he developed the same combination of high Christian character with energetic participation in every manly pursuit, for which he was all through life distinguished. A diligent teacher in the Jesus Lane Sunday-school, never ashamed to be known as a decidedly Christian man, and ever seeking to influence others for good, he yet entered keenly into athletics, and, taking up boating with a wonderful zest, won his reputation as oarsman and rowed in the First Trinity Eight. He visited Paris during the Revolution of 1848, and in the following year made a long tour in Europe, the Levant, and the Holy Land. A little book under the title of "Three Days in the East" was the outcome of this, and was intended to illustrate Scripture customs and allusions.

In 1847 MacGregor threw himself heartily into the Ragged School enterprise, then but three years old, and became one of Lord Ashley's right-hand men. Engaging in the work of teaching, the new recruit caught the full spirit of the movement, and soon learned to use his pen effectively and well on its behalf. He remained on the council of the Ragged School Union to the last, although in recent and feebler years unable to take active part, and rendered for forty years most valuable and self-denying service to this great cause.

Besides, as one who knew him well records, there was one branch which he made peculiarly his own. The history of the origin and progress of the Ragged School Shoeblack Society is detailed by MacGregor's vigorous and humorous pen in the Ragged School Union *Quarterly Record* of October, 1873, and those whose privilege it was to be associated with him in its formation recall with interest those evening gatherings of the few young lawyers who, in the early part of 1851, used to meet in a small alley at the back of Coutts' Bank to assist in carrying out his scheme. The idea had suggested itself to MacGregor by his having noticed in foreign

MR. J. MACGREGOR, M.A.

towns that persons were in the habit of getting their shoes blacked in the streets ; he thought that foreigners coming over to the Great Exhibition of 1851 would require this want supplied, and that this might furnish an opening for boys frequenting ragged schools. As the result, in that year above thirty of these boys, each of whose histories had been carefully gone into, marched through the Great Exhibition in those red jackets with which we are now so familiar at various stations in the metropolis. The movement grew and prospered, and has been one of increasing success. The boys themselves were and are trained in habits of religion and thrift, and very many of them, after saving sufficient from their earnings, have from year to year emigrated to America or our own Colonies and afterwards risen to occupy responsible and useful positions.

The story of Mr. MacGregor's early labors in the open air, of his share in founding the Open-air Mission, and of his subsequent association with the devoted Gawin Kirkham, form also a deeply-interesting chapter in his life. His famous plea for open-air preaching, "Go out quickly," has been widely circulated by tens of thousands, and has done much to encourage Gospel testimony under the open canopy of heaven. It is noted by a writer in the *Record* that :—

In the course of his open-air discussions he came to be in friendly relations with one notorious infidel lecturer, and afterwards visited him in his own home when laid aside by an apparently fatal malady. Who shall say what may have resulted from such Christ-like sympathy? He always made a conscience of preparing very carefully for his addresses in the open air, and especially with reference to infidel arguments, feeling extremely the importance of doing so, and of conducting all such discussions and controversy in a spirit of candor, fairness, and accuracy.

Further, Mr. MacGregor was practically the founder of the Pure Literature Society, which has done good service in diffusing sound, wholesome literature, and in forming working men's libraries. While health permitted, he was also an active member on the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society ; he showed similar interest in the work of the Reformatory and Refuge Union, while he was also honorary secretary of the Protestant Alliance. In short, he was just the kind of collegue whom Lord Shaftesbury most highly prized, utterly unselfish, hard working, and open-handed in giving to a degree which made him an example to all.

So far we have confined ourselves to Mr. MacGregor's Christian service, but his familiar cognomen, "Rob Roy," was earned in another fashion. He was, as many are aware, an adventurous canoeist, loving to traverse alone the rivers of our own and other lands. The experiences thus gained he published in a series of "Rob Roy" volumes, which attracted considerable attention, while he afterwards gave "Rob Roy" lectures, the profits of which were set apart for Christian work. In all his voyages he was never satisfied unless even his recreation was made to redound to the glory of God. When enjoying an excursion on lake, river, or sea, he always embraced the opportunity to circulate evangelical publications from which the people might learn the Gospel. Apart from this it is almost impossible to over-estimate the enjoyment he derived from excursions which were often attended with perils such as would have cowed the hearts of less hardy adventurers. In a letter to Mr. G. Kirkham in January, 1869, he wrote :—

Just think, for instance, of my first day on this lovely Lake of Gennesareth. I sat in my "Rob Roy" in the centre of the northern part of the lake. The hills on shore were about three miles off on either hand. The air was balmy, like the finest June day in England. The sun shone, but veiled by a delicate cotonr of fleecy clouds. The water was blue, and without a ripple. The sounds of sheep bleating and streamlets gurgling were the only music ; and there I read in my Testament John vi., following every incident by actually looking at the places mentioned." Finally, I went to the spot where the Apostles started in their boat, and I rowed the "twenty-five or thirty furlongs," which they had toiled through in the direction of Capernaum.

He had visited Greece and the empire of the Sultan when he was twenty-six years of age ; he ascended Mont Blanc, and travelled through Canada and the United States. He appears to have also written interesting accounts of all his adventures, and while in America he gave a number of addresses. He worked well both with pen and pencil, and the proceeds of his work were given to philanthropic objects. Thousands of pounds were also realized for various Christian institutions by the "Rob Roy" lectures. The profits of one of his books relating to a voyage along the coasts of France and England were given to a fund which provides prizes for boys leaving various training-ships.

"Rob Roy" in one of his works boldly defends his practice of distributing evangelical literature and tracts. So far from foreigners resenting such gifts, they accepted them as kindly gifts which won their good opinion. Apart from his Christian character and zeal, he made his mark in literary and scientific pursuits of a more general kind. Occasionally, he read papers before the British Association and the Society of Arts ; and he made some extensive researches in reference to the history of the steam engine. It is, however, as a friend of poor children, and of the poor generally, that "Rob Roy" will be remembered. When he became a member of the first School Board for London he gave up his law practice in order the more thoroughly to do what was needed. Who will supply his place at the Council Board of the Ragged School Union, Open Air Mission, and other institutions with which he was associated?

Some years ago Mr. MacGregor married a daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir J. Crawford Caffin, who survives her husband.

Rev. W. T. McCormick, of Brighton, writes as follows, summing up his career :—

His life was a remarkable one, in some respects perfectly unique. He was a distinguished traveller, a self-denying philanthropist, a hard worker, and a devoted Christian. As a man of iron will, firmness, and intrepidity, he was able to accomplish much that other men would not even face. He was a fascinating companion, and an attractive public speaker and lecturer. His able discussions with infidels and others were well known some thirty years ago. I have heard him discuss in the open air with the secretary and also with the treasurer of the "Secularists' Society" Sunday after Sunday, until both infidels were driven from the field. I have also listened to his able and successful debate, which lasted nine months, with a learned Roman Catholic of great power and distinguished parts. I well remember his taking me to visit an infidel—a writer, of no mean pretensions—who, in a serious illness, had been forsaken by his atheist companions, but whom "Rob Roy" had supplied with necessaries during his long affliction. This man afterwards became a true disciple of Christ. The amount of good that Mr. MacGregor was permitted to accomplish in public and in private during his life eternity alone can reveal.

We have before us, as we write, Miss MacGregor's letter to Mr. Kirk, penned within a few hours of her father's death. Although not written for publication, the following touching words may be quoted :—"Our precious father went home to glory yesterday evening." After three days' delirium followed by unconsciousness, "a gleam of consciousness returned, and he smiled so sweetly to us, and when mother spoke to him of going to be with the Lord, he said, 'I'll go to see him.' . . . What a blessed exchange it is for him. Though the blank is so terrible to us, we would not wish him back for a moment."—*The Christian.*

THE PRIVILEGE OF TEACHING.

Not long ago we heard the efficient superintendent of a large Sabbath-school, while addressing the teachers, refer incidentally to the privilege they enjoyed every Sabbath afternoon when teaching. Undoubtedly that is one of the best ways of putting the matter. Teaching in the Sabbath-school may be a duty, but it is a privilege as well. So is doing of the Lord's work in any department. An elder who does his work well receives as much good as he gives. So does a deacon, a manager or office-bearer of any kind. Preaching may be a duty, but it is also one of the highest privileges a human being can enjoy. A minister who talks about the "drudgery of preaching," as we once heard one talk, should be asked to change his character or his vocation.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

AFRICAN BUSHMEN "STALKING" A LION.

BUSHMEN KILLING A LION.

BY PARKER GILLMORE ("UBIQUE").

As there are different races of Bushmen, and they most materially alter in appearance and modes of life, it is desirable to point out that the two men who form a prominent feature of this sketch are of a breed of aborigines that at one time were numerous in parts of the "old Colony," but now are only to be found in Namaqua or Damaraland, and along the margin of the Kalihari Desert. In stature they are veritable pygmies, live in caves, and almost go entirely without clothing when in pursuit of game.

They are wonderfully expert and fearless hunters, while their dogged patience and resolution, combined with power to endure fatigue and hardship, are truly marvelous.

Although guns are being gradually introduced among these dwarf specimens of the human family, yet the majority of them still prefer to use the primitive weapons of their ancestors, viz., bows with poisoned arrows, short throwing assegais, with knobkeeries.

How they accomplish the death of a troublesome lion—an aged brute that has taken to man eating—I will do my best to describe. However, I should state that as long as the lion behaves himself—that is, confines himself to killing game—he is treated with respect, for the reason the monarch of the desert then provides the bush people with many a meal of flesh which they would not otherwise obtain. An aged animal driven off from his troop is almost invariably the offender, and his presence in the vicinity of the residence of a family of Bushmen is soon known by the disappearance of stray goats and occasional pickaninnies. These depredations result in the death of the marauder being resolved on, and the following is the means adopted to accomplish it. Soon after sunrise vultures are observed circling round some spot in the desert.

This is an unfailing indication of the presence of carrion. Two of the most skilled hunters go in search of the carcass, which generally turns out to be that of a quaha* or wilde-beest. From this "find" the hunt actually commences.

Let us examine these copper-colored dwarfs who are about to undertake a task which many a brave man would be excused for shrinking from, especially when it is explained that one alone carries weapons—a tiny bow and arrow—the other being provided with nothing more than his skin kaross—a sleeping covering made out of the skins of small quadrupeds, and about the size of a railway rug.

At first the work of these two plucky little fellows is easy enough, for the spoor is generally distinct, and well they know that their prey will not "lie up" till it has drunk. In time a vley or pool is reached, by its side the herbage has been pressed down and broken, for at this spot the mammoth cat has stretched at length and drunk to his heart's content. Now commences more serious work, for it is impossible to tell how close the lion is to them, and only up wind can the dangerous brute be approached close enough to afford any prospect of success. The spooring here becomes slow, in single file it is conducted, and momentarily a halt is called to listen for heavy breathing, or to sniff if the air be tainted. By this time we will imagine that the sun has gained meridian altitude, the hour when the carnivora sleep soundest after a heavy meal.

The advance of the two sons of the desert is a wonderful performance, it is the perfection of stalking, not even one of the cat tribe could surpass them. At length the Bushmen's patience is rewarded, they have heard, smelt, or seen the lion, and learned all details of the position he lies in. So ranging themselves side by side, both exert their greatest ingenuity to get close to the foe without being detected. Their object is soon attained. With a jerk the kaross is thrown over the sleeping marauder's head, and a moment afterward a poisoned arrow is driven into his flank. Thus unceremoniously awakened, he stops not to learn who are his disturbers, but bounds off into the veldt with but one object in view, viz., escape. Two or three hours afterward the desert re-echoes the stricken beast's roars of pain, and ere the sun has set the grand old beast has died.—*Graphic.*

*Generally erroneously pronounced "quagga."

THE IRON BOOT.

Johnnie Truman had a disease in his foot. It made the bones of his foot and ankle soft, so that they were bending and growing out of proper shape as he walked upon them. His mother took him to a physician to see what should be done with him. The physician told her to get an iron boot made for his foot, and to make him wear it every day for a year. So the boot was made and put on. But Johnnie found it very awkward, unpleasant and painful. Think of a stiff iron boot on the soft, tender foot of a little boy! He couldn't run; he couldn't jump; he could only drag it wearily as he walked slowly along. Poor Johnnie! it was a very hard thing for him. Sometimes the neighbors would say, as he was limping along, "There goes poor Johnnie Truman with his iron boot. It's cruel in his mother to make him wear it, when he hates it so much."

And sometimes he would go to his mother and say, "O mother, do take this iron boot off! It's so hard to get along with it; it almost kills me. I don't care if I am lame; I don't care if my ankle is out of joint; I don't care how I am when I grow up, all I want is to get this boot off," and then Johnnie would worry and fret, as if his mother had put the boot on just on purpose to give him trouble. Yet it was not so. The iron boot was necessary to support the limb till the bones grew strong and healthy. But Johnnie had no faith in it. He didn't believe it would do him any good. Instead of trusting his mother and the doctor, he was fretting and worrying about it all the time.

A lady who was staying at the house got tired of hearing his complaints, and she said to his mother one day, "Mrs. Truman, why don't you take the boot off that boy and let him take the consequences? I am sure I would."

His mother was grieved. She looked with tender love upon her little boy, and as she stroked his head she said, "I must do for my child, not what is most pleasant for him now, but what will be most useful for him hereafter. Johnnie will thank me one day for what I am doing now. If he wouldn't think about it so much it wouldn't be so hard to bear. He has a great many things to make him comfortable and happy, in spite of his iron boot, and that won't last long."

Johnnie hung down his head. He felt ashamed of himself. He knew how many things his mother was doing for him all the time, and that even the iron boot was for his good. At last the year of painful trial passed away. The disease was removed. The iron boot was taken off. Johnnie grew up to be a tall, handsome young man, with straight, strong limbs, and a firm quick tread. And what do you think he oftenest said to his mother? Many and many a time he would throw his arms around her neck and say, "Oh, mother, I never can thank you enough for making me wear that iron boot. It was the best thing you ever did for me. If it hadn't been for that I should have been a poor cripple all my life."

Thus you see how Johnnie's troubles were made a blessing to him. Well, just in the same way every trial that we have is, as it were, an iron boot that our Heavenly Father puts upon us. Don't let us fret and worry about it, but let us bear it patiently, because we may be sure that God intends it to do us good in some way.

A FORMOSA BOY.

A few years ago a scientific American visited Formosa to make a collection of animals, insects, and flowers. While stopping in one of the villages, he told some of the boys that he wanted to get some specimens of a certain kind of snake, a very beautiful green reptile that had a poisonous bite. The boys of Formosa are just like other boys. They were delighted, therefore, with the idea of making some money. The result was that there were more snakes brought than could be used. But the professor paid for every snake. Among the boys that came was a little yellow-faced fellow in wide trousers and short tunic and a skull cap. He brought two snakes. He shyly entered the professor's room and laid the snakes on his table. The professor put some copper coins with a square hole in the centre, known as "cash," into the boy's hand. As he was leaving, the scientist tossed the dead snakes into the grass, but not without the boy's seeing the action. He immediately returned, and laid the coins on the table just where he had before laid his snakes.

"Why do you return the money?" inquired the gentleman, in surprise.

"You don't want my snakes, and I don't want your money," replied the boy, turning away in disappointment. No amount of persuasion could induce him to touch the money. He went away, and the professor never saw him again.—*Sunday-School Times.*

KINDERGARTEN IN HADJIN, ASIA MINOR.

There is a lively scene on the bit of smooth road in front of our gate every morning about half-past eight, for not only are the boys and girls of the High School then on their way to school but almost every one leads by the hand, or bears on his or her back, one of the kindergarten babies as well.

This kindergarten school is proving a great success. The first twenty scholars were collected with great difficulty, but after these had had several weeks' training, had learned some pretty songs and games, and had entertained their fathers' guests at New Year's time with these, our difficulty was of quite the opposite character. There were more applications for admittance than we could accept. There are now fifty little boys and girls in the school, some of them from the more well-to-do Armenian and Protestant families, and some of the poorest of Hadjin's poor.

To show you how poor are some of these children, let me give you an example: One woman had been told that she might send her little boy, but as she did not avail herself of the privilege, we sent one of our teachers to learn the reason. The woman said, "The children who go to that school must carry with them something to eat, and very often I have not even a crust to give my child. Here at home when he cries from hunger, if I have any bread, I give it to him; if I have not, he cries, and so we get along." Now the child is coming, and several of the other children have fallen into the habit of bringing a little more than they will themselves need, with the expectation of giving to these poor when necessary.

This school is a revelation to the people in many ways. First the idea that little children are worth taking so much trouble and going to so much expense for is utterly new and strange. But these little tots are working reforms that we have for years labored in vain to introduce among their elders. For instance, in a land where it is a great shame for a man to perform the slightest service for a woman or a child, is it not a great triumph to have a father leave his shop of a stormy morning, take his little four-year-old daughter in his arms, and carry her the half-mile, or nearly so, to school?

Then these children are teaching their parents other lessons, as for instance, that of neatness and cleanliness. When one little girl's mother told her one day that she was going to come and visit her school, the child answered, "Oh, don't! or if you do, be sure you comb your hair before you come. If you come with such looking hair, I should be so ashamed!"—*Missionary Herald.*

FUN.

"What is it?" asked Miss Sandford, as Wallace Smith raised his hand.

"Tommy Dunlap is sticking pins into me!"

"Why do you do so, Tommy?" said his teacher, reprovingly.

"Oh, it is fun!" said Tommy, grinning.

"Is it?" asked Miss Sandford. "Come here and let me see; I enjoy fun as well as anybody."

Tommy walked slowly up the aisle. He did not know what Miss Sandford was going to do. He was afraid she would punish him in some way, and her ways of punishment were so queer, and never agreeable to naughty boys

"Stand here beside me," said his teacher, gently. "Now I am going to see if sticking pins is really fun," and taking a pin she pricked Tommy's hand lightly.

The boy winced, and drew his hand away.

"Why, it is fun, isn't it?" said Miss Sandford, and she pricked again, harder this time.

"Ow!" cried Tommy.

"Oh, what fun it is!" said his teacher, giving Tommy a third prick.

"O-o-w!" screamed Tommy.

"Don't you like it?" asked Miss Sandford. "You told me it was fun!"

"Well, I don't like to be hurt!" whimpered Tommy.

"Ah, that is the trouble with this kind of fun, it always hurts somebody! Wallace does not like to be hurt any better than you do, and what was fun to you was pain to him. Remember, Tommy, that the fun which hurts a person, or dog, or cat, or bird, or any living thing, should never be indulged in. Next time that you want fun, stop and ask yourself whether it is going to cause pain."—*Companion.*

THE FOLLOWING STORY is told in connection with Mr. Spurgeon's work: A gentleman went to a shop near the Tabernacle to buy some strawberries. He was about to turn out a basket to see if the fruit was as good underneath as on the top, when the seller exclaimed, "You needn't do that, sir; we belong to Mr. Spurgeon, and he won't have any such tricks as that."

BUSHMEN KILLING THE LION.

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER IX.

"Will the Doctor come up to Master Friday at once?"

It was another summons, and the Doctor went, knowing it to be the last. Never again should he be brought to make little Master Friday better, for Master Friday was almost quite well now.

Grandmother was sobbing in her bed. "I cannot go to him," she said; "it is as if he had no one in the world. You will stay with him?"

The Doctor bent his head and went out. He went slowly up the nursery stairs, up which he had been so very often on the same errand. Never again—never again! For Friday was dying.

There were not many to take his hand and go with him to the edge of the Valley. The Doctor sat down by the bedside, and Mrs. Hammond drew back into the corner and sat still, wiping her eyes. George was bowed on the foot of the little bed; but the room was very quiet.

He had been dying all day, and as the sunlight fell level in the garden outside, the shadows began to lengthen about Friday's journey. He was quite conscious, but, he said, very tired, and he lay with his eyes closed. He knew that he was dying; he had known it all day, and spoken of it in his grave composed fashion; but how much he understood of it no one could say. For how much God in the last hour gives to children to understand, and how much in mercy He veils from them, not all the mighty ones on earth—with all their wisdom—can tell us.

He had asked for the old hymn, so quaint, and yet as full of quietness and comfort as it was two hundred years ago—

"Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!"

Once he had opened his eyes, as if some sound broke in on his stillness, and said uneasily—

"Why does George cry so?"

"For you, Friday," said the Doctor.

Then Friday said weakly—

"Don't cry, George. It doesn't hurt now." And a little after, he looked quietly at Mrs. Hammond, and said: "Mrs. Hammond, I beg your pardon for being naughty a good many times. I shan't be naughty any more."

"My little darling, God bless you, you were never naughty!" cried Mrs. Hammond, covering her face with her hands. "You were always just the best little child in the world, so biddable, and so happy-natured."

But Friday did not hear, for he had taken another step on his journey. Friday had made his peace with the world. He had sent his love to Zachary, and a request that Crusoe's grave should be kept weeded, because he was not coming into the garden any more.

And Zachary in the garden was mourning him, and within George was sobbing, and the Doctor's face was very sad—three men, and he only a little boy! Friday had never done anything great in his life; he was not very clever or very beautiful; he had "converted" no one in his life; he spoke of no visions of glory in his death.

But the Doctor was a man who had odd fancies, and it appeared to him as if Friday's shield hung upon the wall above his head, a very fair achievement, having a quartering of gentle courtesy, of simple obedience, of humble faith, of steadfast patience. And the pebble of his tiny life cast into the water threw out ever-widening circles, which shall be measured with no earthly compass, but with the reed that measures the City. There were only two or three to remember his name; but so remembered, Friday's name was surely crowned.

Grandmother and Mrs. Hammond remembered it with woman's loving tears; Zachary kept it with the memory he gave to Captain John Broke. R. N., when on Sunday afternoons he read the Book by himself. The Doctor laid it by in his heart as the name of the noble little soul he had once been glad to call friend. And it was ordained that the remembrance of Friday should be George's guardian angel to the end of his life. Saturday's child had truly far to go, but that memory went with him, not to fade, but to abide.

In the garden Zachary was sitting under the warm wall. They had told him that Friday would die before night, and he sat gazing across the garden, and thinking that he should no more hear the little young gentleman's step down the walk; no more tell him about the Expedition; no more hear him reading from the big leather books.

In the nursery above, the watchers were waiting for the end—the last and only thing to do. Friday was conscious again; but his story was almost ended. The shadows were very, very long now. There was one cast by a tree on the wall above Friday's head, that crept upward and seemed to wait.

Once, as he dimly saw something mighty drawing near through the silence, and the darkness settled slowly down over him, his little childish heart quailed for fear. In the grasp of that cold, unknown terror, he looked at the Doctor with his imploring eyes and whispered between his fluttering breaths—"Friday is—afraid."

The Doctor leaned over him, where the tiny shaking fingers were stirring feebly on the coverlet.

"Yes; Friday, it is like your way to Paradise. It is the great waves and the roaring of the waters. Nevertheless, by the grace of God the Saviour—"

The wandering, imploring gaze grew tranquil at his voice; but it was still questioning.

"Friday is going down into the Perilous Vale, and it is very dark, but he will pass through, and be quite, quite safe with Jesus Christ," said the Doctor.

The simple obedient faith failed not even in death. Friday never doubted.

"Will Friday be very long passing through?"

The Doctor's eyes were dimmer than they had been for years; but he kept his voice steady by an effort of will.

"I think not, Friday."

Whether Friday heard, and hearing was comforted, they did not know; but all things were slipping away from him now. The little fingers groped powerlessly on the coverlet.

"Friday does not see," he said.

The Doctor took his right hand.

"Here I am, Friday."

"Will you hold it all the way through?"

"Yes."

"Hold it quite fast till Friday has passed. And then put them together for prayers—when Friday is quite through—to thank Almighty God for his grace."

It was only the old tale of the Perilous Valley; but to him it was true.

And then he lay and never stirred again. Only he opened his eyes, and looked round, with the flicker of his own gentle smile, at the Doctor beside the bed, Mrs. Hammond beyond, and George resting on the foot.

And so Friday went down into the darkness. And the light of the day faded with the light of life.

"A Friday's child! A Friday's child!" wept Mrs. Hammond, to herself. "I knew it! I knew it!"

Oh, no, no, good Mrs. Hammond, in this at least fortunate! That Friday's merciful Father should call the little soul in all its whiteness beyond a thousand fortunate! No more unlucky. Happy little Friday, to come to his undiscovered country so early, and find his El Dorado, and the fountain of perpetual youth, and the Place of the Blessed, all in one, beyond all disappointment and failure for ever!

"Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine:
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing, clear, and fine. . . .

Quite through the street with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing."

George had fallen on his knees beside the bed, and hidden his face; but Friday did not know, for he was blind and deaf for the noise of the tempest, and quiet for weariness of rowing against the strong waves.

And the roaring of the water drew nearer. Neverth less, by the grace of God——

Friday's breaths grew fainter and fainter, and the Doctor, watching the shadow on the wall, seemed to count. And the last rays of the sun lit up the wall, and perhaps in that shining the Doctor saw Friday's shield in a glory.

And the light glancing up the wall fell on the sweet old words—

"A passage Perilus makyth a Port Pleasant,"

and the following shadow crept up, and gently blotted them out, and with that came one tiny fluttering sigh. And so the Doctor loosed his hold on the fingers, and reverently laid the waxen hands together, as one praying.

For Friday, by the grace of God, had passed.

THE END.

SEA EAGLES IN THE HAMBURG ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

The two gigantic eagles represented by our artist are rare and very interesting guests from the eastern coast of Asia. The one with the white shoulders is a Siberian sea eagle, *Haliaetus pelagicus*, Pall., and the other, which is black except its tail, is his near relative from the Corean peninsula; the Corean sea engle, called by naturalists *Heliaetus branickii*, Taes.

The Siberian sea eagle has been known since the time of Steller, the celebrated Russian traveller, who noticed it in Kamschatka, and mentioned it as early as 1744, in his descriptions of that country, calling it "Aquilla Marina;" and in 1811 Pallas described it, making accurate drawings of the bird. Therefore these immense birds of prey of the East have been known for more than one hundred years, and yet very few museums are so fortunate as to possess a skin of one of them. The Corean sea eagle is still more rare. In 1888 the Zoological Garden in Warsaw received the first skin of a bird of this kind, which was described by Tacsanowski. Until very lately no live specimen of either of these eagles was ever brought to Europe, the Zoological Garden in Hamburg being the first to possess living examples. Both of these were presents; the Corean eagle was brought by Capt. Dethlefsen from Corea, and the other by Capt. Havecker from Eastern Siberia. None of all the numerous eagles and vultures which occupy the great middle cage in the Hamburg Garden compares with these two birds, either in the size of their bodies, the strength of their beaks and talons, in the nobility of their bearing, or in the boldness of their glance. In every respect they surpass their near relatives, the common European sea eagle, the white-headed American eagle—the national emblem of the United States—and even the African sea eagle (*H. vocifer*).

The Siberian eagle has a white tail, thighs and upper wing coverts, the other feathers being dark brown; while the Corean eagle, on the other hand, is almost black, with a tint of brown, only his tail being white, as our engraving shows. The powerful beaks of these birds are remarkable, not only for their size and strength, and for the hook-like curve of the upper mandible, but especially for the beautiful light lemon color, which distinguishes them from the beaks of all other birds of prey.

Very little is known of the *Haliaetus pelagicus* in its free state. The Dorries Brothers, collectors who resided for many years in Amour, in Eastern Siberia, and during that time watched the animal world very closely, saw only four white-shouldered sea eagles among the many common sea eagles in the neighborhood of Vladivostock, and only two black Corean eagles; and never succeeded in shooting one of these rare birds. The Russian explorer Von Middendorff speaks of the sea eagle as being very cautious. Although he found many nests, he very seldom saw the birds; apparently they were on the high seas busily fishing. In August, so says our authority, the sea eagles were quite numerous on the south coast of the Ohkotsk Sea, where they preferred to build their nests on the summits of the cliffs, which frequently project singly and like towers from the surface of this sea; and therefore their nests were very inaccessible. Consequently, the eggs of our birds are unknown, nor is anything known in regard to the number and treatment of their young. About the middle of October these eagles move southward, flying high in the air. In the winter they go to Japan and the North of China, returning in summer to their breeding grounds in Kamschatka.

The Ainos raise the young as an article of trade, and the Giljaks sell the white tail feathers to the Japanese, who prize these feathers highly and are willing to pay high prices for them. The Japanese like them to use in window decoration.

In captivity the sea eagles are very quiet, generally keeping away from the other birds in the cage. Their food consists of fish and meat. Their sharp, penetrating cry is as powerful as their bodies, and, in their native land, can be heard above the noise of storm and surf.—*Dr. Heinr. Bolau, in Illustrirte Zeitung.*

RULES FOR USING BOOKS.

Never hold a book near the fire.
Never drop a book upon the floor.
Never turn leaves with the thumb.
Never lean or rest upon an open book.
Never turn down the corners of leaves.
Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands.

Always keep your place with a thin book-mark.

Always place a large book on the table before opening it.

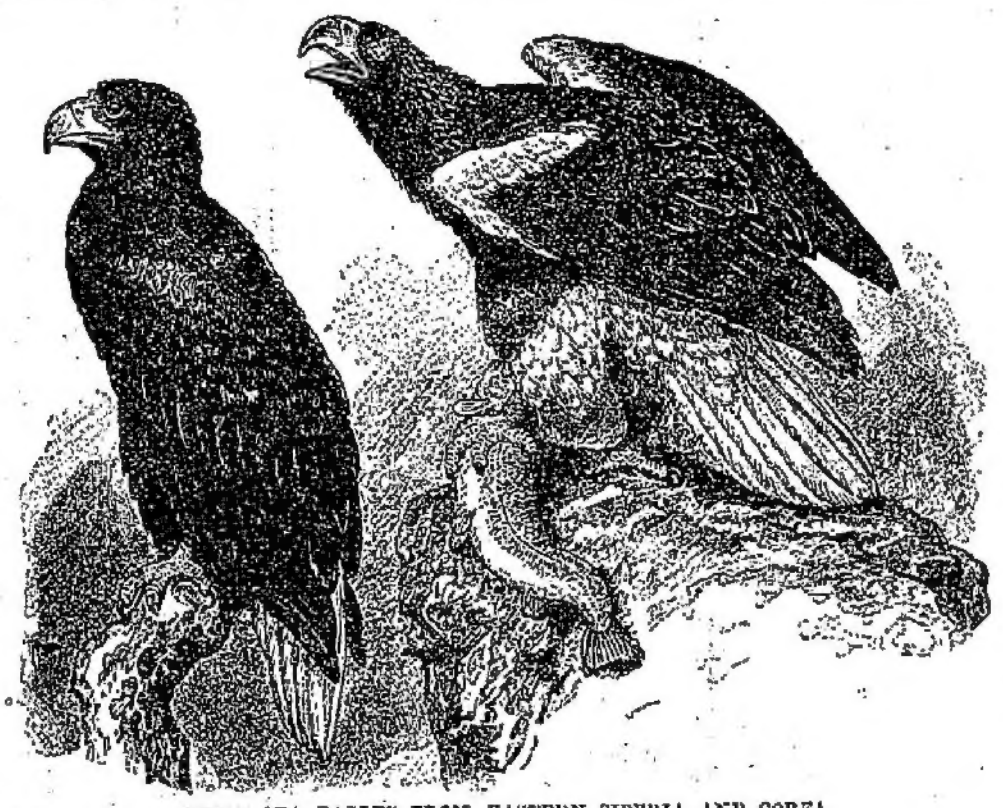
Always turn leaves from the top with the middle or forefinger.

Never pull a book from a shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.

Never touch a book with a damp cloth, nor with a sponge in any form.

Never place another book or anything else upon the leaves of an open book.

Never rub dust from books, but brush it off with a soft, dry cloth or duster.



GREAT SEA EAGLES FROM EASTERN SIBERIA AND COREA.

HOW MOLLY LED HIM.

KATE S. GATES.

"O Miss Winslow, I do wish that I could help some one to be a Christian! It must be beautiful; but I never shall, I know," and Mollie sighed despondently.

"Why not?" asked Miss Winslow.

"Why, because I couldn't. I never could say anything, and what could I do to help any one that way?"

"I do not know, Mollie. Perhaps none of us know just which acts of ours may help. We can only do 'ye next thynge' faithfully, and leave the results to Him. It may be we should help all others more if we thought less of doing them good and more of being found faithful in that which is least as well as great. Strive earnestly to do just as you think Christ would want you to do in everything, Mollie, and I feel sure some day you will find that you have helped some one."

Mollie's merry face was unwontedly grave as she bade her Sunday-school teacher good-bye and went her own way alone. There were so many she wanted to help—her brother Tom particularly. She knew mamma and papa were anxious about him; he was beginning to like to go down street evenings, and be round with fellows they did not like. Oh, if she could only help him! But she couldn't; he would never pay any attention to her, she knew.

"Well," she thought rather sadly, "if I cannot help any one, I will try to do as Miss Winslow said, though I think she is mistaken. I could not possibly help any one that way."

Just behind Mollie, unknown to her, was Tom.

"I wonder what the midget is thinking of," he said to himself. "She looks as sober as a deacon. Something to do with that silver cross business, I presume. It won't last long probably; still, the little puss is so sweet and earnest about it now, that it makes me feel ashamed of myself. I shouldn't like to have mother or her hear the boys talk sometimes," and Tom sighed more gloomily than Mollie had.

She had very little idea how closely her brother was watching her; she never dreamed that he saw her efforts to do every little duty faithfully. He was is the kitchen eating apples when she put the oatmeal pail up only half clean, because she was in a hurry to get out with Annie Smith. He gave a little low whistle when he saw her hesitate, and then take it out and wash it clean. He knew in some way that she gave up going on a little picnic with the girls because she found mamma had planned to go away that day, and could not unless she stayed at home with Robby.

One afternoon when Tom and Molly happened to be at home alone Will and Clara Marshall, who lived across the street, came over to call. Will was home from the city on his vacation, and both Tom and Molly felt rather in awe of him.

"Tell you what it is," he said presently, "let's have a game of cards to pass away the time; Play don't you, Tom?"

Tom colored and hesitated;

"I—know how a little," he said.

"All right! Come on, Mollie! We can show you how in a trice. I've some cards in my pocket."

Poor little Mollie! How her heart beat, and how she did wish that they had not wanted her to play. For one instant she hesitated. What harm could it do to play just once? Will would be sure to make fun of her if she did not, and it was so hard for her to be laughed at. Then she remembered her talk with Miss Winslow. She was to do everything just as she thought Christ would have her. That settled it. He would never have her do what she knew mamma would disapprove.

"I'm sorry, but I can't play cards, Will," she said, bravely. "Mamma does not like them."

Will looked up with a half laugh, but Tom stopped him.

"It is so, Will, and I ought to have been man enough to have said so myself; but if my little sister will brace me up, I'll try to be more courageous hereafter."

"I say, Mollie," said Tom when they were alone, "I want to try with you. Couldn't you take hold of hands and help a fellow along a little?"

"O Tom!" sobbed Mollie. "I am so glad, but I couldn't help you. I would if I could."

"Well, you have; and just keep on, please," answered Tom rather huskily. "You have made me ashamed of myself forty times a day. I haven't been just the kind of fellow I ought to be lately, but I'll turn over a new leaf if I can."

"I'm so thankful," said Molly again; "but, Tom, you must ask God to help you, won't you?"

"Yes," whispered Tom, as he kissed Molly and then ran off up-stairs to his own room.

"O Miss Winslow," said Molly, next Sunday, "it don't seem possible, but Tom says I did really help him just by trying to do everything, even the little bits of things, faithfully, as you said. He says he wouldn't have paid any attention if I had tried to talk to him; but he watched me, and those things made him think I was really in earnest, and now he is trying. Oh, I just can't tell you how happy I am!"
—*Zion's Herald.*

INDELIBLE INK.

BY MARY J. PORTER.

Mrs. Chesley sat by the bay window of the sitting-room diligently marking handkerchiefs. She had a new steel pen and a small bottle of ink, and was carefully writing the names of various members of the family upon the delicate linen.

Ralph stood by her side, closely watching. "What is that you are writing with, mamma?"

"Indelible ink; that is, ink that cannot be washed out; its marks cannot be destroyed. You see that after writing on a handkerchief I lay it down in the sunshine. The rays of the sun fasten the color of the ink, and after that it cannot be taken off."

"Ting-aling-aling-aling!" went the front door bell. "A lady for you in the parlor, ma'am," said Bridget, a moment later. Mrs. Chesley laid down her work and left the room. In doing so, she said to Ralph, "You may amuse yourself with your new blocks until I come back."

Ralph meant to get the blocks at once; but unfortunately he stopped for one more look at his mother's work.

The ink bottle stood open still, for in her haste she had forgotten to close it. The pen lay temptingly near. How nice it would be to write just like mamma! Ralph thought he would try to mark one handkerchief. He would put his own name on it. He knew how to spell that.

He had not noticed that mamma wrote only in the corners. Neither had he particularly noticed the size of her letters. So about in the middle of one of the finest handkerchiefs he began printing a large R. He made the first stroke pretty well, but when he came to the curved part of the letter, instead of that he made a big, round blot.

Oh, dear! How he wished he had'nt done it! How he wished he hadn't tried to write at all! How he wished he had been playing with his blocks! He dropped the handkerchief in the sunniest part of the window, and went to the other side of the room to get his toys. Usually he was fond of building houses, towers and castles, but now they seemed to have lost their charm. Instead of the pictures and letters on the blocks he seemed to have that ink blot constantly before him.

Ralph was only a little boy, but he knew that he had done wrong. Mamma would be sorry about the spot, but she would be more sorry to think that her boy had disobeyed. How often she had told him never to touch her work when she was out of the room! She had trusted him to mind her and he had been unworthy of her trust. He was so unhappy over it all that he was positively relieved when he heard the front door close once more and saw mamma coming back into the sitting-room.

"Mamma, I didn't mean to spoil anything; I didn't truly!"

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Well, you see, mamma, I thought I'd write a little,—I thought I could mark like you."

"Ralph, have you been meddling with that indelible ink?" As Mrs. Chesley asked the question, she saw the blot, now growing very black indeed in the bright sunshine.

"Oh, Ralph, I am so sorry! I thought my boy would obey."

"I thought so, too, mamma, I meant to; really I did." Large tears were following one after another down the boy's cheeks, and his voice sounded exceedingly choked.

"Listen to me, Ralph. You have been very naughty. You have disobeyed mamma. That sin is like a great, black spot on the soul of my Ralph. It is far worse than the spot on the handkerchief. Now what will take it away?"

"I'm afraid nothing, mamma."

"Yes, there is something. Don't you remember how I told you the other day about Jesus dying for us? His blood can cleanse us from all our sins. Nothing will make this handkerchief white again. It is hopelessly spoiled. You will have to use it, but every time you do, that blot will remind you how you disobeyed mamma. Yet the spot on your soul can be taken away. I will teach you a short prayer, and then you can go by yourself and say it to God. The prayer is this, 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

Ralph repeated the prayer two or three times, in order to be sure that he knew it. Then he went off into a corner and knelt down. Mrs. Chesley heard him whispering the words, and she was sure that the loving Father above would listen to the prayer of a little, penitent boy.

When Ralph returned to her side his tears were gone. He had sinned, but he had been forgiven.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

MOTE AND BEAM.

Through the open window came the shrill sound of a woman's voice. It issued from the large apartment house just behind Mrs. Eddy's, and that lady, who was sewing beside her window, hastily closed it, with a deeply disgusted expression upon her face. It was only the reproof of an angry and not especially refined mother to her very likely deserving offspring. She did not swear nor say anything worse than "shut your mouth," which was persistently repeated, but that was sufficiently offensive for Mrs. Eddy. As she closed her window with a bang, she thought: "How can a woman so far forget herself as to screech out in that way and proclaim herself to a whole neighborhood as a common scold! It is shocking even to live in the vicinity of such a virago."

Mrs. Eddy went on with her sewing. In her soul was a virtuous sense of superiority. All was peace in her orderly well-furnished sitting-room. It would indeed be a wicked woman who would scold and storm amid such surroundings.

Suddenly the feet of the children were heard pattering along the hall. The door was burst open and in they rushed.

"Mercy!" cried the eldest girl, "how warm it is in here. I should think you would smother!"

She hurried to the window and threw up the sash. Her mother then, for the first time, perceived that the child had left well-outlined footprints of mud quite across the room. The three other children, who were flocking about the apartment in different directions, were also leaving similar marks upon the carefully swept carpet. The whole peaceful atmosphere of the place was altered.

"Eleanor! You naughty girl!" cried the exasperated mother. "As old as you are, and brought up with such pains! See what tracks you have left! And Harry! You are at it, too! This is disgraceful! The room will have to be all swept over. It seems to be useless to try to bring up children! Here, every one of you go down to the diningroom! Mercy! what a sight this room is!"

Little Mrs. Eddy's voice had risen and risen during her very earnest remarks until she ended well up toward high C.

"Mamma! said little Esther, suddenly, "there are two women over in the windows behind us who are hearing you talk to us."

Mrs. Eddy glanced toward them. One was the very mother whom she had just been despising. Her trials were over for the time, and with a cheerful-looking baby in her arms she was looking hard in Mrs. Eddy's direction. There was an expression of amusement upon her face.

"Those vulgar, annoying creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Eddy. "Harry, close the window."

"You were speaking a little louder than usual, mamma," said nine-year-old Harry as he sprang to do his mother's bidding. This was undeniable, and Mrs. Eddy burning with shame, made no comments.

"I'm sorry we brought in so much dirt, mamma," the eldest girl now found courage to say, "I'll take it up myself with the little dustpan and brush."

Her mother murmured vague approval of this proposition, and disposing the children for their various duties and sports, hid herself in her chamber and fairly wept in the depth of her mortification. She was a Christian woman, highly educated and with refined tastes. Could it be possible that she was as much a "common scold" as the uncultivated and undisciplined woman whom she had mentally condemned? Thousands of excellent women, who may not happen to have had a strong light turned upon them at just the right time, as Mrs. Eddy had happened to, may well ask themselves the same question.—*Kate Upson Clark, in the Cumberland Presbyterian.*

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